Scanned by
BSL
Gorgon776

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, MARCH 22, 1940. | 77th Year.

John—Surnamed Mark

(Written for the Messenger)

By J. W. R.

JOHN-MARK had returned to Jerusalem after a year's absence in Cyprus with his kinsman Barnabas, on word of the failing health of his father Jonathan. He had arrived with many pilgrims about ten days before the Passover.

The city was crowded and all the hillsides round were dotted with tents and booths. Little snatches of song rang out continually from the pilgrim groups,—

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Eternal is round about His people henceforth for ever."

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion we were as them that dream."

"O that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When the Eternal bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice and Israel shall be glad."

One name was much on the lips of the people, that of Jesus of Nazareth. Many spoke of the wonderful things he had said and the wonderful things he had done. It is true that the rulers of the nation had set themselves against him, but the Galileans and many of the common people of Jerusalem whispered that if he were not the Messiah he was surely one of the prophets who should herald the Messiah's coming.

Then came a great day. Mark had swept from the gate of the city with the crowd that was streaming toward Olivet. Soon they saw another crowd approaching over the brow of the hill. One rode at the head of the procession. A little cluster of men marched on either side like a guard. As Mark came near he could see that they held their heads high like conquerros. Some of the multitude had thrown off their cloaks and had laid them on the road like a carpet. Others waved green branches or strewed them in the way. Then as they came in sight of the city a great shout rang out and wakened the echoes of the hills—

"Hosanna: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Blessed be the kingdom of our father David, that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest."

Mark had seen the face of Jesus as he looked down upon the city. It was a face of infinite strength mingled with infinite tenderness. It was a face that must often have been radiant with happiness, but now it was overcast by a great pity and a great sorrow.

Each day in the early part of the week Jesus of Nazareth had appeared in the temple. Mark had been among the crowds who hung upon him, listening. Surely the word would soon go forth that would transform the Passover multitude into an invincible army of God and His Messiah.

On the third day of the week Mark had gone to the temple, but found that Jesus and his disciples had remained at Bethany. Mark thought he understood the reason. The Messiah was laying final plans with his immediate followers. He would doubtless declare himself on the day of the Passover. The anniversary of Israel's deliverance from Egyptian bondage would mark Israel's final triumph over all her enemies.

It was now the morning of the fourth day. As he passed the door of the large upper room Mark saw that preparations were being made for a considerable company of guests. His father called to him, "John, my son, take this water-pot and fetch some water from Siloam."

Mark was surprised. It was usually the duty of the women servants to fetch water. But a Jewish lad, even a young man of eighteen, would not dream of questioning his father's command. Mark took the water pot and went through the crowded streets, out

through the gate to that famous old well of which Isaiah had spoken, "the waters of Shiloah that go softly."

As he returned toward the gate he saw two men approaching from Olivet. He recognized them as disciples of Jesus, Simon Peter and John.

As he went through the streets he was aware that they followed him. He entered the house and they also entered.

At their request Mark brought them to his father. As they went through the courtyard Simon accidentally brushed against a pillar. Mark heard the clang of metal.

Simon smiled in a good-humored way at the young man's surprise. The big disciple was carrying a sword beneath his robe!

Mark's heart stirred within him. It seemed clearly evident that the Standard of Israel would be raised on the morrow and that his father's house had been chosen as the headquarters of the rising.

Evening had fallen when Jesus came and with him the ten remaining disciples. Mark's father showed them to the guest chamber and then went across the court yard leaving them in undisturbed possession of one wing of the house.

Mark looked often toward the guest-chamber. Once as he looked he saw the door open and a man move furtively through the courtyard and out through the door to the street. The moonlight caught him as he left the shelter of the house. Mark saw that it was Judas, one of the disciples.

Later on, from the guest chamber came men's voices raised in a Psalm. There was movement as if they were about to leave. Jonathan went across to tell the Master and his friends that they were welcome to spend the night under his roof, but Jesus courteously declined and they went out into the city. Soon the whole household to all appearance was wrapped in slumber.

But Mark could not sleep. He felt that strange events were in the air. The figure of Judas as it flitted through the dark courtyard haunted his mind. About midnight he was dropping into an uneasy slumber when he heard a knocking at the gate. He waited for the porter to open it, but the man had evidently deserted his post to mingle with the Passover crowd in the streets. Mark thrust his feet into his sandals, flung a coverlet over his light sleeping garment and went out to the gate.

A small boy stood in the gate-way. He thrust a little scroll into Mark's hand and then vanished.

Mark read:

"Mischief is intended against the Nazarene. Warn him."

There was no signature.

How was Mark to warn Jesus? Where had he gone with his disciples? There flashed into Mark's mind "Gethsemane." He had heard of the garden being used by Jesus and the disciples as a place of prayer and of quiet converse. Dodging among the shadows of the houses, he made his way toward the city gate.

There were many people in the streets. As Mark came near the gate, he was shoved back and became wedged in the crowd. A party of men were coming from the direction of the Temple. They were headed by a detachment of the armed temple police, led by a man who shrouded his face in his cloak. Something about his figure reminded Mark of Judas. Besides the temple-guard, many of the party carried swords. Some had heavy staves. Others bore lanterns and torches.

Mark, shove and struggle as he could, was among the last to get out of the city. The torches threw an uncertain and blinding glare on the road. Going down toward the Kidron his ankle turned on a rounded stone and he fell down the steep incline.

For a few minutes he lost consciousness.

But necessity spurred him to action. Crossing the brook, he scrambled up among the rocks and brush-wood of the other side. Ascending the slope of the hill he found a close hedge barring his way. He knew that it was the boundary of the garden.

He forced his way through, and found himself among the olive trees. Patches of dark shadow alternated with patches of bright moonlight.

His light garments were almost in ribbons. His body and limbs were torn with thorns. Heedless he ran on. Entering a little clearing he saw a figure. It was the Nazarene. He was kneeling and His voice was raised in prayer.

He rose as Mark ran toward him. Then the lad, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, saw several other figures, wrapped in their cloaks and lying among the trees. As he came near he heard the calm voice of the Master—

"Sleep on now and take your rest; it is enough, the hour is come; behold the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise, let us go; lo, he that betrayeth me is at hand."

Mark stood with the aroused disciples, paralyzed with despair.

There was a gleam of torches from the gate. A figure hurried through the trees. It was Judas. He came up to Jesus and kissed him.

Immediately the garden was full of dark figures, the glare of the torches reflected back from sword, helmet and breastplate.

Jesus stepped in front of the disciples. Mark heard him speak a word to the crowd and they stumbled backward. Again he spoke and they arose and advanced toward him. A sword flashed out in the hand of one of the disciples. Mark saw that it was Peter. One of the officers fell back with a cry. Jesus gently touched his wounded head and lifted him to his feet. Then he spoke:

"Are ye come out, as against a robber with swords and staves to seize me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not; but this is done that the scriptures might be fulfilled."

As they laid hands on him the disciples broke and fled.

Mark's white coverlet made him a conspicuous object where he stood among the trees. Three or four of the police rushed forward and seized him. Leaving the coverlet in their hands, he fled into the thickness of the wood and flung himself sobbing at the foot of a great tree.

It was grey dawn when Mark came to himself. Frost lay upon the grass. His single thin and tattered garment provided little protection from the cold. Stumbling from the garden he made his way homeward. There were few at that hour to wonder at the ragged and wounded lad as he crept through the streets to Jonathan's house.

(Please turn to Page 11.)

Resurrection

By MARGARET EVANS

"So the strange mystery begins again:
Out of the lonely wastes of space and time
There comes to earth, who for so long has lain

"In winter-circled sleep, the ancient cry
That bids her waken. Where the mountains are
The brown streams gather, and the pale drifts die

"In the dark hollows, while harvest-sheaves
Have slender heralds in the grey ploughlands:
Soon on the naked boughs the swelling leaves

"Stir in the songs of bird, whose eyes are bright
As lovers' are, and through the deep, dark ground
The blinded seeds grope up to find the light—

"Is earth remembering how, in simple state,
The flower of Manhood rose, immaculate?"

—The United Church Record

Hope—or Ambition?

By AGNES M. BIDDLE-DELL

For the Messenger.

RUTH WARD looked into her writing case and refreshed herself with a sight of what lay within. Eighteen dollars! Never before in all the nineteen years of her life had she been able to save such a sum. Money had always been terribly scarce at home. When she went to Colton to attend high school, she had struggled through without expense to her parents. Four years she was Mother's Help for her room and board and a couple of dollars a week. At the end of that time she not only graduated with honors, but from the Occupational Center she had also won a two-year scholarship to Lincoln College of Music. Her great ambition was radio work, and she felt this was a long step in the right direction.

In Lincoln it was not so easy to work her way. Too many others were trying to do the same. She was obliged to go to the outskirts of the city to barter her services for a home. There she prepared morning and evening meals for an employed couple, washed the dishes, and kept the house tidy. Saturday and Sunday she was free of any responsibility. Unfortunately, carfares and the scantiest of lunches swallowed up her small salary. She tried walking to College, but that was too hard on her shoes; beside, it boosted her appetite so that she was ravenous as a young wolf by lunch time. To meet expenses she helped in a combined Tea Room and Rental Library on Saturdays. The result of this most severe and inflexible economy was that hoard of eighteen dollars. Only seven dollars more and she was at her goal!

While her writing case was open, Ruth thought she had better scribble a few lines to her mother. Letters home were not frequent, as even a stamp was a consideration. She had not seen her parents since Christmas; however, she guessed they were all right. Since her father's health was not so good, Uncle Jack had taken over the farm lands to work with his own, and he could be trusted to keep everything O.K.

Today Ruth's pen did not glide over the paper with its usual ease; somehow she could not find just the right words to tell her mother that she would not be home for Easter. She could not understand what squeamishness had gotten into her. Of course her parents would be disappointed, but they would find ample compensation in the fact that she had been chosen to sing on the radio program.

Well, she would leave her letter till tomorrow, then she could tell all about the Palm Sunday services; that would give a good opening to break the news of her Easter arrangements. She counted her dollars once more, and was in the act of locking her writing case when called to the phone.

"Uncle Jack!" she exclaimed. "What brings you to Lincoln?"

"Just business," came the reply. "Seeing it is Saturday, Ruth, I thought you might have time for a few minutes' chat. Can you meet me in the Memorial Park?"

"Surely. I am not due at the library till ten. I will be with you in five minutes."

Ruth hurried to the near-by park, oppressed by the fear of bad news. It took something mighty serious to bring Uncle Jack almost one hundred miles from the farm. Could her father be worse, or her mother sick? Oh, surely nothing could happen to hinder her just as she was finishing her long fight to reach the top of the ladder!

"Do tell me quickly, Uncle Jack," she said anxiously. "Is everything all right at home?"

"As right as usual, Ruth. I'm sorry if my sudden appearance gave you a fright. The fact of the matter is I shall be coming to the city twice a week from now on. You see, we've had some bad seasons, and so I decided some months ago to turn a bit of the farm land into a truck garden. A merchant here has contracted to take all the produce I can bring for the Saturday and Wednesday markets. Accordingly, I get up ahead of the lark on these mornings, and pull into the city somewhere around five o'clock. Usually I turn tail and start back right away, but I had a bit of shopping to do for your aunt this morning, and I wanted to tell you it needn't cost you a cent to get home for Easter. I guess you haven't got too high and mighty to ride in the cab of a truck, have you?"

"I should say not! But I am afraid—in fact, I know I can't get home for Easter."

"How's that?" Uncle Jack asked sharply. "What's going to stop you?"

"A radio engagement. Our church service is to be broadcast, and as choir soloist I am to sing the anthem. Dr. Hamilton has long wanted to reach the shut-ins, and at last it has been arranged. You may be sure I am glad enough to help brighten these lonely lives, and——"

"Your parents are shut-ins, Ruth, but they have no radio."

"They will have one, Uncle Jack, just as soon as I start earning. You know I graduate in June: then I shall be ready for real radio work—music, singing, reading. But I shall not have time to do much before September or October, because I want to review worth-while books for an advertising program. Of course I need some coaching in this before I get a sponsor. You can understand it is necessary to tell enough about a book to make folks want to read it, but not to tell too much lest they should think they had as good as read it. For twenty-five dollars Professor Wallace will give me a two months' course in this work. Already I have saved eighteen dollars, and by my graduation I will have scratched the other seven together somehow. Then next winter I can help them at home in a substantial way."

"Next winter!" Uncle Jack echoed. "We are just in April, and you talk about next winter. Ruth, I doubt if your mother can hold out that long. I've got to give you some plain talk, my dear. You know your father has been bedfast for five months. His trouble is now affecting his eyes, and he can't read for more than five minutes at a stretch. Your mother tries to read the newspaper to him, but, poor soul, she is so worn out she falls asleep on the job. That makes your father mad. You remember he never was a patient man. And what religion he had seems to have evaporated under this trying sickness. God knows I don't want to judge my own brother. Lying there helpless, he has enough to bear; more than enough, without the grace of our Lord to sustain him. For the smallest reason, or for none at all, he is set railing against all heaven and earth. Many a time I have thought a radio might hold his interest, and make things easier for him and your mother, but every cent is budgeted for absolute necessities. In fact, the income does not cover necessities; that is why I am trying out this truck farming. Ruth, your father should have more medical attention. I hope it won't turn out that your parents have paid too much for your fine training."

"Why, Uncle Jack, you know very well they have not paid one cent toward it. Ever since I went to high school I have carried my own burden entirely. Maybe you think I have had an easy time! I can tell you that even now, in my determination to get that twenty-five dollars together, many a

noon I retire to some corner and gnaw on a stale roll for lunch."

"Honey, there is something in you we are all mighty proud of, and I know you try to live after the law of Christ, but sometimes it is easy to confuse ambition with duty. I am not so sure they mean the same thing. About this burden-bearing: when you have time, will you look up Galatians 6:2? I'll jot it down on this scrap of paper. Don't forget."

"I won't. But, listen, Uncle Jack, you've made me a bit sore saying mother and father paid for my training."

"I didn't mean they paid out dollars and cents, Ruth. But parents can be mighty complex people, and often coin their heart's blood into things more precious than money. While you paid for your ambition with physical hunger, did you ever think your mother was paying with love's yearning hunger for the sight of your face and the sound of your voice? Sometimes I am afraid she pays in the endurance of a long stretch of days without even a letter. And still she pays, pays, pays, in uncomplaining love. Don't be sore at anything I've said, honey. And don't decide about Easter till you've given it a bit more thought. Promise me."

"Oh, all right. But I don't see how I can possibly change my plans."

"Sometimes the impossible happens, Ruth. Let me know before Saturday. You won't need to come into the city. I can run out and pick you up."

"Maybe, or maybe not. Give all the folks my love. I will write mother a long letter tomorrow."

"I'll tell her. Good-bye, my dear. Remember Galatians 6:2."

Saturday night Ruth tossed and turned in bed, but could not sleep. She did wish Uncle Jack had not started her worrying like this, just when she needed to concentrate on her work. And she had read Galatians 6:2. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." Why need those two words, 'another's burdens', keep ringing in her ears, as though someone stood at her bedside repeating them over and over? Perhaps she had neglected her parents. She might have written more often. In future she would write every Sunday. She would even ask Dr. Hamilton's advice about going home for Easter.

On Sunday morning Dr. Hamilton seemed to answer Ruth's question before she had asked it.

He took as his sermon text: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." (Luke 24:21)

"This hope," he said, "must have been at its peak on Palm Sunday. At last the disciples saw their Master receiving the homage due to a King. His path was strewn with garments and with palm branches. He was riding on the colt of an ass. So Solomon came to assume kingship, riding on a mule. Surely at this time the Master would restore the kingdom to Israel. Ambition thrilled to triumph. 'Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord!' Above the shouts of the people, the followers of our Lord must have fancied they heard Caesar's legions in full retreat. After long ages of expectation, captivity would at last be led captive!

At Break of Day

"Almighty God, Heavenly Father,
Let me give thanks for the divine blessing of sleep,
And greet the new day as a precious gift from Thee.
Give me to use all opportunities of serving others with a grateful heart.
Keep me mindful of Thy Holy Presence
Throughout all its hours."

"A few days later the disciples saw their hopes and ambitions lying dead at the foot of the Cross, while above their dying Lord 'KING' was written to mock them. They had heard their Master declare, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' But in the heavenly hope He offered them, they saw only their own earthly ambition.

"And what of ourselves this Palm Sunday morning? How do we weigh earthly ambition against heavenly hope? Are we so busy laying up treasure upon earth, we have no time to think of treasure in heaven? the treasure of a helping hand, the treasure of a cheering word, the treasure of some sacrifice for others, the treasure of telling the story of Jesus and His love?"

With tears in her voice, Ruth sang the anthem:

"I gave My life for thee."

Later in the day she told her pastor all her difficulty.

"I don't know how we can spare you for Easter Day," he said. "Instead of giving your parents three or four days now, how would you like to spread out the pleasure and go home with your uncle every Wednesday for a few hours?"

As Ruth hesitated, the old man put his hands upon her shoulders.

"Today,' he said, "I heard you sing with deep feeling:

"'I spent long years for thee:
Hast thou spent one for Me?"

"I would gladly do as you suggest, Dr. Hamilton, but—my work! How could I get back to college?"

"I believe I can arrange that. Dr. Anderson's father has recently come to live a few miles the other side of your home town, and as he is not so young as he was eighty years ago, his busy son manages somehow to give him every Wednesday afternoon. And so you and the doctor would both be on the same errand of love and duty. I know he would be glad of a companion on his drive homeward."

Ruth's heart overflowed with a strange new joy and and thankfulness. If only she might take a radio home with her! And why not?

She counted over her precious dollars.

"You can't give that money," something within her argued. "Remember how hard it was to save. Beside, you will spoil your plans."

But a deeper Voice whispered:

"I gave My Life for thee:
What hast thou given to Me?"

On Wednesday morning Uncle Jack found Ruth waiting for him, with a small package beside her. He stooped to pick up this box with a couple of fingers, but didn't find it so easy.

"Ouch! That's heavy," he said. "Struck a gold mine, and taking home a few nuggets?"

"No, I struck an Uncle Jack who told me a few things," Ruth laughed. "Please handle that box carefully."

"O.K. I suppose it isn't a bomb to blow me sky-high for my impudence in lecturing you?"

"No. It is a radio for daddy."

"Ruth! How did you get it?"

"Well, if you must know, I let a music storekeeper bite a big bit out of my hoard in exchange for it."

"God bless you, honey. He'll give you something better."

If only Ruth could have looked into the future and seen that "something better!" Her father, through the voice of the radio, finding peace in his Saviour, and—through the clever doctor's interest in his Wednesday companion—finding, too, restored health and strength.

A CAREFUL study of the Acts of the Apostles, chapter 10, will bring out vividly the fact that both the Roman captain and St. Peter listened to God. Each obeyed Him, and the vital and far-reaching results of their obedience, the exact timing and coincidence of events through such obedience shows the natural sequence of life for Christians.

It was not at all queer for the Christians of those days to listen to God every day and to check their guidance together. They all did it. It was only later that this fell into disuse in many parts. Now it is being revived all over the world.—Hampshire (Eng.) Chronicle.

Poor Man's Fortune

By ARTHUR T. RICH

All Rights Reserved.

READERS HAVE MET

DONALD FAIRBAIRN, handsome young Canadian, inheritor of a Poor Man's Fortune from his father, JOHN FAIRBAIRN, whose dying wish is that Donald return to Glasgow, Scotland and make good where his father failed.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, Donald's uncle, respected, wealthy Glasgow ship-builder, who is not at all anxious to help his young nephew.

JEAN FAIRBAIRN, Robert's step-daughter.

ARNOLD M'NAIR, tall, handsome, earnest young minister, whose aid Jean's father enlists in winning her back to the church, secretly hoping to make a match between them. Jean asks Arnold to visit her "shelter" for the unemployed, of which Donald is warden.

JOCK CAMPBELL, fiery young Communist has been giving Donald some trouble. Then Donald rescues him from gangsters and saves him from going to jail. Then Jock repays this kindness by warning Jean and Donald that Robert Fairbairn has turned the rougher-class men against them. A riot is started and the "Shelter" is destroyed by fire, Donald and Jean barely escaping. Donald, now out of work, tries hard to get a worthwhile job. Meeting with continued failure he gets completely discouraged. Jean enlists the aid of Arnold M'Nair. He, in helping her, gives her a new vision of life and Christianity. Together they bring Donald back to himself and Jean and he are married, in spite of Robert Fairbairn's objections.

JEAN and Donald have been married happily for a good many years now. God has blessed them with two fine children. Out of the misery of the past they have found a new philosophy of life. They often review events in the evening at the fireside.

Here is a typical conversation. Donald has just stirred the fire thoughtfully, and Jean, ever-busy, knitting in hand, looks up with a smile at his puckered brows.

"Now I know that something profound is coming, Donald. There always is when you stir the fire and look like that. What is it this time, Old Solemn Eyes?"

"I was just thinking, dear. There's a fellow writing a review of a book here. He's condemning the author in particular and writers in general for bringing their stories to a happy ending, getting everybody converted at the end, and saying that it is all too sugary—that people don't want a helping of blancmange in their fiction after beef and potatoes—that's his way of putting it."

"I like stories with a happy ending. And ours has worked out that way. Sad endings always make women cry. Our story has certainly had the good old-fashioned ending."

"This man says there's far too much coincidence. I've been wondering . . ."

Here Jean looks up quickly. "Life is full of coincidence. But I call it by another name. Who can say where miracle begins and coincidence stops? It seems to me if you believe in God then you must be sure of a Divinity that shapes human ends. Some call it coincidence, but others call it God. As for sugar and spice and all things nice"—a pretty shrug of shoulders here—"if people would only do what we have done, confess their faults and seek God with all their hearts, then every story might have a happy ending—like ours. It is true to life in our case . . ."

Jean had every right to say so. Since the day long ago when Donald had first found his fortune in a Bible, life had been very different for them all.

There had been the dramatic moment when they had faced the convalescent Robert Fairbairn. Donald had known how to deal with him. After the first bluster on his uncle's part there had come some straight talk upon the part of the nephew. The older man had seen that he must accept the inevitable, especially now that Donald had become his son-in-law. Fear as well as regard for his daughter had caused him to make the offer that had been accepted by Donald—accepted with forgiveness, for Donald was not a man to bear malice.

So he had come into partnership with his uncle and they had started to build up side by side, a new understanding springing up between them as the years had passed.

Something much deeper had taken place in Donald, however. Impressed by the fact that his neglect to read the Bible left him by his mother had been the cause of much of his misery—a fanciful idea, perhaps, but one that appealed to him strongly as the days went by—he began to think deeply and earnestly upon the ways of life. It was by neglecting the Great Book that men were always landing themselves in misery. He could see that more and more.

* * *

THOUGH in a sophisticated world the mere narration of the fact seems naive, a matter fit only for laughter, it came to pass that Donald became a Bible student, and he and his wife based their lives at the beginning upon a foundation of New Testament truth.

More, he had become impressed with the shallowness of life that is completely self-centred. In his happiness he thought of those to whom his old friend Arnold M'Nair was now ministering. He heard a call to deeper, fuller, service, until it came about that Donald the one-time sceptic found himself employed on Saturday evenings and Sundays among the unfortunates of Glasgow's lower strata. In the Sabbath School or in the evangelistic services it was with a new joy that he embraced God's purpose for his life and sought to do what he could for the poor and needy.

The great sacrifice undertaken voluntarily by the minister he had once despised influenced him greatly also. Not that M'Nair was conscious of having done anything truly noble in leaving the comfort of a suburban church for the slums, but in Donald's eyes he was a man who had counted not his prospects as dear unto himself that he might fulfil the course set before him.

Donald would often say to his wife, "You know, something's happened to that fellow. When first I knew him he was what some people call a 'Sammy'—one of those very prim and proper ministers who cannot say 'Boo' to a goose. Religion's done a lot for that man. He reminds me of one of those rugged old Highland shepherds who will go anywhere, dare anything, to bring home a sheep that has strayed from the flock . . ."

Jean would reply whenever he got on to the topic, "I think we've all changed—even father. And that's not to be wondered at. It's the inevitable outcome of giving Christ full control of life. . . "

So they spoke. God had done great things for them. They had proved in their own lives the Power of His Resurrection.

"CAST YOUR BREAD UPON THE WATERS"

THERE was another miracle.

One Saturday night M'Nair was preaching at a mission service, and Donald, standing by in one of the aisles as a helper, was impressed by a look of earnestness upon the face of one of the hearers. With a start he recognized the man.

It was Jock Campbell.

Donald's heart gave a great leap within him. His mind travelled back to a place not far from here when he with the enthusiastic students had sought to save Glasgow with buns and philosophy. What if the Gospel were now going to prove effectual where mere teaching of ethics had failed? What if God was now going to do for Jock Campbell what all the teachings of the masters had failed to do?

(To Be Continued).

One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but he must die as a man.—Daniel Webster.

Man is neither by birth nor disposition a savage, nor of unsocial habits, but only becomes so by indulging in vices contrary to his nature.—Plutarch.

A zealous man without meekness is like a ship in a storm in danger of wreck. A meek man without zeal is like a ship in a calm that moves not so fast as it ought.—J. M. Mason.

Northern Messenger
WEEKLY
Founded by John Dougall, 1864
Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7).
Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger,
Present title adopted, 1876
Printed and published by
JOHN DOUGALL & SON
(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)
at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MARCH 22, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15:20.

Mon. : If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.—Col. 3:1.

Tue. : If Christ be not raised your faith is vain.—1 Cor. 15:17.

Wed. : In Christ shall all be made alive.—1 Cor. 15:22.

Thu. : It behoved Christ to suffer and to rise from the dead.—Luke 24:46.

Fri. : Jesus said . . . thy brother shall rise again.—John 11:23.

Sat. : I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection.—John 11:24.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Psalm 30:5.

The Risen Lord

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

—*John G. Whittier.*

Paying the Price

THE abrupt transition, in the time of our Saviour from dreams by His followers of the earthly power of a Messiah to the sight of Christ dying on the Cross was too great a shock for most of them.

They had not sufficient spiritual insight to believe in the sacrifice of self and the resurrection. The world had too great a hold on them and they thought to safeguard both the joys of this world and those of the world to come by a half measure—a compromise—and they continue to do so to this day.

But this is foolishness. We all know that a leader cannot attain his purposes unless his followers are so imbued with enthusiasm as to give him their full support. No influence has done more for the amelioration of human life than the active spirit of Christ working in His followers' hearts.

But the trouble has been that, instead of man accepting Christ and His teaching enthusiastically and wholeheartedly, the world has been trying to obtain the advantages of His teaching without being prepared to pay the price to secure it in its entirety—the price being the unconditional surrender of self to Christ.—Sir John G. Fraser.

"Penitence is not a queer fad of the pious. It is the frank and humble recognition before God of all in which we betray or are unworthy of His cause. It is the beginning of new resolve and new seeking of God's grace."

Eternal Life

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright, in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

* * *

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead!

—*Lord Lytton*

Peace Secured

CHRIST'S death is the triumph of peace in the spiritual world.

Peace among men is secured because the Cross is the centre of the regenerated world, as of the moral universe.

Divided races, religions, nationalities, classes, meet beneath the Cross; they embrace as brethren; they are fused into one vast society which is held together by an Indwelling Presence, reflected in the general sense of boundless indebtedness to a transcendant love.—Henry P. Liddon.

EASTER VICTORY

By MRS. BURGOYNE HAMILTON.

EASTER has meant increasingly more to me during the five Easters since I have really known vital Christianity. I am especially grateful for the significance of it this year. I am profoundly thankful to Christ for dispelling the world's belief in death as He did 1900 years ago.

I lost my husband in December, and but for the knowledge that Christ has given us, I might have faced the kind of collapse that a lot of people go through at a time of that sort.

It has helped me tremendously to know that my husband is alive. When I have been able to think of him, really think of him, think of the wonderful things he is learning, his greater joyousness where he is, I have found peace.

* * *

I AM deeply grateful for the way in which his going has been used in the lives of people. There have been all degrees of it, from those who were impressed by the note of victory in the funeral service in the church, to those who have made deeper decisions toward giving their lives to God.

There have been problems also other than heartache and loneliness at a time like this, especially for a woman. Problems of lack of security, inadequacy in business, anxiety for the future. God has been the answer to each one.

We often hear people talk about the Cross. They sometimes say "This is my cross" or "That is my cross." The thing that happens too often is that they stick there and fail to reach the victory of Easter which is Christ's gift to us.

There can be no Easter without a Cross and there should be no Cross without an Easter.

The words of that wonderful hymn came to me yesterday, "Christ is risen. Christ is risen. He has burst His bonds in twain," and with them the thought that we are all bound by bonds of self and can burst them by giving that self to God so that He may give us Easter.—Calvary Evangel, 1939.

Young People's Bible Reading

"With You Every Day"

by BEREAN

For Sunday
MAR. 31, 1940.
Matthew 28: 16-20.

THE forty days succeeding the Lord's Resurrection were filled with wonder and delight for His disciples. At first it seemed "too good to be true." "They were not easily convinced. The apostles treated the reports of the holy women with scornful incredulity. Thomas doubted the testimony of the other apostles; and some of the five hundred to whom He appeared on a Galilean mountain doubted their own eyesight, and only believed when they heard His voice. The loving patience with which He treated these doubters showed that . . He was still the same in heart as ever." (Stalker.)

Why did He not live with his disciples the old life as before?

I think that He was getting them to realize that, though they did not see Him, He was with them all the same. He could only teach them this gradually. It was most important, because soon He would have disciples in Jerusalem, in Galilee and in many other places. They must learn that wherever they were His Presence was with them.

Why did He not reveal Himself alive to His enemies and astonish them into accepting Him?

Our Lord never worked in that way. Such a "conversion" would have been valueless. The whole atmosphere may be full of music. If we do not keep our radio in order we cannot get it. We all have a faculty of spiritual perception. Only to those who had not destroyed this faculty could He reveal Himself.

What was the subject of our Lord's conversations with His friends during those forty days?

"Then opened He their understanding that they might understand the Scriptures." (Luke 24:45-47) He "spoke of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." (Acts 1:3) He taught them what the past meant and led them to look forward into the future.

The New Testament tells us of ten or eleven appearances. There may have been more.

THE MOUNTAIN IN GALILEE

THE eleven disciples went into Galilee unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them—

"This is a most important meeting. . . . It is the gathering of the little church about its Master—the gathering of the subjects about their King. Probably this is the meeting of which St. Paul tells us when 'He was seen of 500 brethren at once.' (I Cor. 15:6) That

Behold, how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying
Or of the life He died for them to win.

* * *

Proclaim to every people, tongue and and nation
That God in Whom they live and move is Love;
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious,
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way,
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And haste the coming of the glorious day.

—*Mary A. Thomson.*

must have been in Galilee, since in Jerusalem there were only 120 disciples. (Acts 1:15) So, probably, it was at this time that the whole crowd was there with the eleven." (Paterson Smyth)

Some doubted.—"Or as the Greek may perhaps be more correctly translated, 'but others doubted' i.e., not the Eleven, but others who were present." (Dummelow)

After His Resurrection our Lord's friends did not always immediately recognize Him. (Luke 24:16, 37; John 20:15, 21:4)

He came to them and spake.—It has been suggested that He approached from a distance. Some could not believe until He came near and spoke to them. "The doubt . . . was dispelled by His nearer approach, and by His entering into conversation with them." (Dummelow)

Then came the great proclamation: "All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth." (R.V.) Better still "was given" that is the authority was given at His Resurrection. "After the Resurrection our Lord belongs already to another realm, so that the Ascension only ratifies and presents in a final form the Lessons of the forty days in which it is included." (Westcott) "His authority is now limitless." (Box) (Compare Phil. 2:5-11) This is a very wonderful thing. The death of our Lord was, as it were, the gate through Which He passed to this limitless authority.

God is never defeated; apparent defeat, delay or frustration of His purposes always leads to the greater victory. This lesson runs through the whole story of the Bible. Never did men reject God so definitely as in the Crucifixion of our Lord. Never did the triumph of evil seem so complete. But the powers of evil defeated their own purposes. As our Lord had said, "I if I be lifted up . . . will draw all men unto Me." (John 12:24-33)

"INTO THE NAME"

FOLLOWING the great Proclamation came the great Commission: "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all the nations." (R.V.) "In the clearest possible language Christ expresses His intention of founding a universal religion." '(Dummelow)

"He who gave that command must surely have been Divine. How else could He send these few ignorant men to take possession of 'all the nations' in His name? Fancy a set of ignorant men going to proclaim His name in the mighty Roman Empire, and to all the nations of the earth. How mad it would look if He were not God! Because He was God, there was nothing impossible in it." (Paterson Smyth)

"Baptizing them into the name."

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Memory Verse

Ye shall be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth. —Acts 1:8.

DAILY BIBLE READING

FROM MAR. 25 TO MAR. 31.

Mon.—Matthew 28: 16-20.
Tue.—Acts 1: 1-8.
Wed.—John 1: 35-42.
Thu.—Deut. 6: 4-9.
Fri.—1 Peter 2: 11-17.
Sat.—11 Cor. 8: 1-8.
Sun.—Psalm 96: 1-13.

PRIZE LIST:

Twelfth Annual National Temperance Study Course

"Alcohol produces paralysis of judgment, and the mischief begins with the first glass."—SIR LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D.

Our Congratulations to all who studied this Course

SENIORS

FIRST—Allison Deacon, Freetown, P.E.I.
Second—Janet Hayes, Sarnia, Ont.
Allen Heagy, Stratford, Ont.
Third—Joyce Chasters, Duncan, B.C.
Iona Cooper, Montreal, Que.
Grace Hopkins, Halifax, N.S.
Fourth—

Ont.	John C. Cairns, Galt.
B.C.	Beth Edwards, Vancouver.
B.C.	Wilfred Evans, Vancouver
N.S.	Iris F. Heffler, Middle Sackville.
Sask.	Lilian Hepburn, Percival.
Man.	Jack Hiddleston, Crystal City.
Sask.	Lillian Hope, Yellow Grass.
Que.	Cora McCorkell, Wakefield.
Sask.	Calvin Peterman, Mawer.
N.S.	Mildred I. Salter, Hantsport.
Alta.	Edith Wood, Edmonton.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Mary Beamish, Edmonton.
B.C.	Grace James, Summerland.
Man.	Thos. N. Delgaty, Rathwell.
N.B.	Doris Orr, Waweig.
N.S.	Olive Zwicker, Somerset.
Ont.	Neil Boyd, Listowel.
P.E.I.	Frances Cairns, Freetown.
Que.	Keith Pollitt, Windsor Mills.
Sask	Lois Wahn, Yorkton.

INTERMEDIATES

FIRST—Dorothy Soby, Claresholm, Alta.;
Gertrude Lane, Victoria, B.C.;
Shirley Parkinson, Ormstown, Que.
Second—Gordon Steenson, St. Vital, Man.
Bert Page, Toronto, Ont.
Anna Stetson, Freetown, P.E.I.
Third—Margaret Wannamaker, Claresholm, Alta.;
Audrey Johnston, Vancouver, B.C.
Harold Steenson, St. Vital, Man.
Margaret Perkins, Fergus, Ont.
Patricia Bremner, Pasqua, Sask.
Fourth—

B.C.	Joyce Edwards, Vancouver.
Que.	Eunice Heatherington, Cookshire.
N.S.	H. Graham Heffler, Mid. Sackville.
Alta.	Gladys Limming, Edmonton.
Alta.	Anna Ostryzniuk, Edmonton.
Ont.	Irene Paul, Belleville.
Alta.	Davene Scoular, Edmonton.
N.B.	Joyce Sherrard, Atholville.

Honorable Mention—

B.C. Bruce Ralston, Victoria.
Man. Bonar Chanin, Stonewall.
N.B. David C. Rogers, St. Stephen.
N.S. Marie Hammelman, Lunenburg.
Ont. Marvel Wilson, Merrickville.
P.E.I. Mary McLeid, O'Leary.
Que. Bruce Naker, Richmond.
Sask. Lois Johnston, Wilcox.

JUNIORS—10 and 11 Years.

FIRST—Phyllis Cunningham, Didsbury, Alta.
Second—Marjorie McCartney, Ormstown, Que.
Anna Ramey, Kentville, N.S.
Third—

N.B.	Mary Ann Brooks, Woodstock.
Ont.	Gwendolyn Burnside, Markdale.
Man.	Keith Chanin, Stonewall.
Ont.	Joan Collier, Hamilton.
N.S.	Mabel Frizzle, Hantsport.
Ont.	Joyce Hawkins, Pembroke.
N.S.	Audrey Hane Heffler, Mid. Sackville.
P.E.I.	Betty Proffitt, Freetown.
N.B.	Joyce Sabine, Moore's Mills.
Man.	Margaret Steenson, St. Vital.
B.C.	William Whiteley, Vancouver.

Honorable Mention—

Alta.	Dorothy Jean McKillop, Lethbridge
B.C.	Flora Lawrie, Vancouver.
Man.	Avis Walker, Winnipeg.
N.B.	Juanita Burtt, Hartland.
N.S.	Doris Berringer, Lunenburg.
Ont.	Joan McGahey, Toronto.
Que.	Elsie McCartney, Ormstown.
Sask.	Irene Orton, Davidson.

JUNIORS—9 years and under.

FIRST—Winnifred Cairns, Freetown, P.E.I.
Second—Shirley Collier, Hamilton, Ont.
Betty Scharfe, Pembroke, Ont.
Third—

B.C.	Lyle Barnes, New Westminster.
P.E.I.	Olive Craig, Bedeque.
Alta.	Kay Ellenton, Nanton.
Que.	Neita McConnell, Aylmer.
Que.	Lois McKenzie, Scotstown.
Que.	Ronald Osborne, Brome Co.
Alta.	Jean Pinder, Nanton.
B.C.	Marion Soll, Vancouver.
B.C.	Ellen Jane Stroud, Vernon.
Alta.	Charles Wright, Vermilion.

Honorable Mention—

Alta. Clayton Scagg, Didsbury.
B.C. Mary Baresco, Vernon.
Man. Beth Southam, Newdale.
N.B. Harland McMorran, Moore's Mills.
N.S. Ella Hopkins, Halifax.
Ont. Mary Lou Evans, Kincardine.
Que. Douglas Smith, Cantley.
Sask. Kathleen Sutherland, Cory.

EVERY DAY

(Continued from Page 7.)

(R.V.) The expression "into the name" often appears in old Greek business documents. It had a financial meaning. "Money was paid to the account of some one (—'into the name of . . .'). So here." (Box) All the nations are to be "entered as the possession" of God. We do not belong to Satan. We do not belong to ourselves. We belong to God. And there is another meaning. "The name" carries with it the idea of the character, the personality. To "baptize all the nations into the character of God" was certainly the greatest of commissions. It is not yet fulfilled. But it shall be fulfilled some day. It is for every Christian to do his or her part toward that fulfilment, for the Commission comes down to us.

"Into the Name." (not the names) Here compressed within a few words we have the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. Many controversies have waged over this doctrine and many people,—especially earnest young people—have worried as to whether they believe it rightly. Some of the words which have been used in stating the doctrine (Persons, Substance, etc.) have altered their meaning during the centuries and this makes it the more difficult to grasp. Words are inadequate when we come to talk of God. Count Tolstoy says, "I do not find it hard to believe in God if you do not ask me to define Him."

Here again I would quote Whittier's words,

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear;
Why forward reach or backwards look
For love that clasps like air.

I think the most satisfying illustration is something like this:

The Sun aloft in the Heavens is so great, so wonderful in its radiance that if we gazed on it we would be "blinded by excess of light." But the Sun is revealed to us in the tempered warmth and light that come into our room. So in the manhood of Christ we see God.

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the Fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

Again, we would have no perception of the warmth and light if we were not alive. And we would have no life but for the Sun. So we take in the revelation of God in Christ through the life-giving power of the Spirit.

(Please turn to Page 12.)

WHITEFISH FEUD

By C. F. Bodsworth

(For the Messenger.)

READERS HAVE MET—

GEORGE KOMAR, head of the Komar Fish Co.
RENDALL WILLIS, of the rival Willis Fish Co., which is trying to crowd out Komar.
ALIN SEATON, honest, loyal skipper of Komar's tug, the 'Kofisco'.
GORD LORING, Alvin's best helper.
We rejoin them on board the Kofisco, starting out good-heartedly to give a helping hand to the Willis tug, Stanton Lass, which is caught in an ice-field.

TWO minutes later the Kofisco turned eastward and began bucking through the seas. Gord stood at the wheel now and below decks Alvin doctored the roaring Diesels, getting every spurt of speed out of them that they could produce.

* * *

IT was almost dark when the Kofisco reached the edge of the Amherst Point ice field. Through a mile or so of loosely floating pans and slush ice the tug made good progress, and then just outside the white line that marked heavy ice Alvin stopped the tug.

"See anything of the Stanton Lass?" he asked the three fishermen beside him.

The pilot-house windows were iced over with spray and they had kept the window in front of the wheel open to see through. Spray had showered in through it and the interior of the pilot-house was soaked with icy water. One at a time the four of them stepped up to the open window and searched the horizon with the binoculars but as each one stepped back he had the same to say—"Nothing in sight."

"An hour or so ago we could probably have found where the Stanton Lass went into the field but any open lane of water she left behind must be closed up again by now," Alvin said. "That ice is packing together fast!"

As far as they could see the great field of white ice stretched ahead of them to where it joined with the dirty grey of a wintry sky. About twelve miles of pack ice jammed together into a solid mass, it represented a remnant of the lake ice that in floating down after the spring break-up had been caught by the jagged shores of Amherst Point. Groaning and cracking, it packed ever tighter and tighter as the gale swept over it and heavy seas pounded its edge.

"Are you ready to go without your breakfast tomorrow morning and spend a cold night tonight?" 'Alvin asked his pals jokingly. "We've got to find those boys!"

The Kofisco's Diesels roared, smoke and sparks shot from the exhaust pipe at the top of the cabin, and the sturdy tug lurched ahead to smash her bow into the first stretch of thicker and harder ice. The four in the pilot-house were almost jerked off their feet as the heavy floe brought the tug to nearly a complete stop, but then with her engines straining she kept moving forward at a snail's pace. Ice grated beneath, drumming against the Kofisco's steel hull in a constant roar and the tug lurched from side to side as her bow struck and slid around harder bergs.

A hundred feet into the field the tug pounded into a windrow of ice where sheets had been piled and jammed into a ridge three or four feet high. The Diesel throbbed on and astern, the propeller churned frantically, but the Kofisco was stopped. Alvin jerked the air-pressure throttle over to reverse the engines and slowly the tug backed out of the ice that held it.

"Roll the wheel from side to side!" Alvin ordered.

* * *

GORD jumped to the wheel and as Alvin started the tug ahead at full speed he kept spinning it first to port and then to starboard to make the tug roll from side to side. The Kofisco crashed into the ice, driving her sharp nose another few feet into the heavy windrow. The rolling motion and the force driving the tug pushed the bow up onto the floe and with a loud crack it broke beneath the tug's weight. Again the Kofisco lurched ahead, but just for a foot or so, but this time there was not enough impetus to drive the bow up, icebreaker fashion, onto the ice and once more the tug came to a sudden halt.

Again Alvin threw the throttle to reverse and the tug crept slowly out from beneath the pans that pinched its bow. Once more he opened the engine up wide, and the Kofisco shot ahead, this time to batter its way through the last sheets of the windrow into the easier going on the other side.

* * *

HOUR after hour passed slowly; the Kofisco worked its way further and further into the grip of the Amherst Point ice field. Alvin stood constantly at the throttle, throwing it continually from the full speed ahead notch to full speed astern. At the big wheel one of the fellows was on duty all of the time spinning it from side to side, so that the tug worked its way ahead with a swaying motion. The Kofisco had no power steering apparatus, and the big wheel turned hard, but in silent determination the three worked on in half-hour shifts, throwing their shoulders from side to side in a tiring, monotonous motion. Unaware that any such adventure lay in store for them, all four had eaten everything in their lunch buckets at noon and now hunger gnawed cruelly at their stomachs.

At eleven thirty, after over five hours of ice bucking, the Kofisco drove her bow into another windrow of jagged, wind-piled ice. Alvin threw the throttle to full speed astern, as he had done scores of times before that night but this time the tug didn't move back from the ice that gripped it. For several minutes the Kofisco vibrated with her Diesels roaring in reverse, but massive ice pans were locked firmly around the steel hull and the tug was fast.

"Loosen the slush ice from the sides with poles," Alvin ordered and with the propeller continually churning in reverse the four of them went hastily to work along the sides of the tug.

The crew of three jumped out onto the ice, but Alvin stayed aboard the tug in case it should suddenly break loose and back away. Jabbing their poles down along the Kofisco's side as far below the water as they could reach they started at the bow and worked their way slowly back towards the stern. Occasionally Alvin stepped out onto the ice to spell off one of the others, but one of them stayed aboard the tug all of the time. They couldn't risk letting the Kofisco back away and leave them all stranded on that windswept expanse of floating ice to die of exposure before morning. Every once in a while one of them would slip through and icy water would leak through oilskins or over the top of rubber boots to soak them to the skin. Beating across the lake from the west the strong wind of that afternoon increased into a heavy gale and now it carried with it stinging blasts of sleet and snow.

* * *

JABBING their heavy, water-soaked poles for half an hour brought no results, but doggedly they kept on, the engine all the time turning at full speed astern. Suddenly from the pilot-house came the clang of an alarm bell and Alvin climbed hastily aboard from his position on the ice beside the tug. A hasty dash took him to the pilot-house and with a quick thrust he threw over the throttle and brought the Diesels to a stop.

"That was close!" he exclaimed.

To the other three it was all a mystery; they looked stupidly through the pilot-house doorway at Alvin.

(Please turn to Page 12.)

DEAR CHUMS,—

You will receive this copy of the *Messenger* on Easter Sunday. Easter is the most wonderful of all days in the year. It is not more *important* than Christmas, because Christmas is the day when our Lord Jesus was born on earth. That was the beginning of the Life that changed everything in the world. But on Easter Day Jesus, the Christ, the Son of God who had in such great humility come down to earth to be born a little child and to live as a human being, having even submitted to the death of the Cross, rose from the dead and began to live again the wonderful heavenly Life which was always His, but which He had been willing to put aside for a time. On this Easter I would like you, Chums, to try to realize how wonderful a thing it was that He did for us. He came to live among us as a man, to have all the weaknesses of mankind and be able to be tempted and suffer the pain of saying "no" to human desires—because He did have human desires while He was in the flesh, and He knows just how we feel when we are tempted. His great Love for us humans made Him willing to bear all this patiently and gently and even to endure suffering and death in order to show us how to come close to God, and receive from Him His Gift of Life —Eternal Life that nothing can destroy. How grateful we must be to God for sending His Son to teach us such a wonderful lesson.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Lorna E. MacIsaac from Lorna J. Maltby

Dear Lorna,—I saw your interesting letter in the Messenger and was so glad to see a correspondent my own age that I decided to write to you.

As you will already know, my first name is the same as your own. My second name is Jean. What is your second name?

I am sixteen years old and my birthday is Sept. 11th. I have blue eyes and fairly dark hair. I am 5 ft. 2 in. tall and weigh 119 lbs.

I attend the Guelph Collegiate, where I take the Commercial subjects. My favorite subjects are typing, bookkeeping and shorthand.

The United Church which I attend is about a mile from our house in the village. I also attend Sunday School where we receive the Northern Messenger.

Ours is just a small village on the Guelph and Hamilton highway in the province of Ontario.

Just at present Ontario is covered with a deep, soft blanket of snow. The trees look beautiful with their boughs covered with snow and the sun smiling down on them.

I do not live in the village, but about a mile from it. Our house has an interesting history. It was a public school about 90 years ago. Some of the older people around the village attended school in it when they were young.

Well, I can't think of any more to tell you just now, so I'll say good-bye for now. Your new pen pal,—Lorna.

———:(O):———

Dear Marjorie,—I saw your letter in the Northern Messenger, and you wanted your twin to write. I am your twin, my birthday is January 23rd. I am 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 106 and one half pounds blue eyes and brown hair.

I am in grade VII in school, my teacher's name is Miss Roberta Loane, and I walk 1 1-2 miles to school.

We have had a wonderful winter, very little snow, and no cold.

I live in a farming district, along the Bay Chaleur, where much fishing is carried on in summer. Different fish caught are;—Mackrel, lobster, cod, salmon and many others.

I have two brothers, and one sister, all married, my sister lives in Boston, Mass., and my father and mother are spending the winter with her, and I am staying at home with my brother and his wife.

Hoping to hear from you soon. I remain, your twin.—Elizabeth Daley, N. B.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

LORNA J. MALTBY

Honorable Mention

Miriam Pulsifer

* *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to "Our Chums Mail Bag." I am ten years old and in Grade IV at school. We have Junior Red Cross every Friday.

I have three brothers and two sisters.

For pets we have a cat named Fluff and a dog Husky. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. My winter hobbies are skating and skiing. My birthday is May 4th. Have I a twin? Would Jean MacKinnon please write to me? Your chum,—Joyce V. N. Cassidy, N.B.

———:(O):———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Here I am again, asking for more pen-pals. I would like especially pen-pals around my age and grade. I am in Grade V and am ten years old. My birthday is June 1st. This year my two cousins Ruth and Beverley are staying near my place with their mother. It is company to go to school with me as before they came I had to walk nearly a mile through some woods myself, unless I took Chum part way.

I wish also that I were thirteen years old. I only saw the Queen when the Royal Train went through. I went to Stewiack, which is not far away. The train slowed down to four miles an hour and the Queen came out on the platform of the train. The King was sick, so he didn't.

The Queen had on a blue dress and when she waved and smiled, all I could do was look and wave my flag.

I have written quite a bit, so I will close and leave room for other Chums. Next time I write my dog Chum will write too. Love to all. Your Chum,—Miriam Pulsifer, N.S.

RIDDLE CONTEST CONTINUES

THIS week and last week the *Messenger* has been so full of stories poems and articles about the two great events—Good Friday and Easter—that your editors simply have not been able to squeeze in a word about the chums' riddle contest. But the contest is still in full swing and we are receiving new entries all the time. Next week we will again repeat the directions for the competition and the convenient entrance coupon. Newcomers please watch pp. 10 and 11 for these important items next week.

But you can be working on your set of 3 good riddles in the meantime. Of course you know that you may not take riddles from *copyrighted publications or books* for that is against the the law. Be sure to tell us *where you get the riddles* and be sure to give us the correct answer to each.

———

"Which does more damage, fire or water?"

Both.

"What do you mean?"

"Firewater!"

JOHN MARK

(Continued from Page 2.)

It was the Day of the Passover, but there was no rejoicing in the house of Jonathan. The day crept on to its close while the family sat silent or talked in whispers over the terrible doings of the day.

"He cannot have been the Messiah," said Jonathan, "or this would not have happened to him!"

But Deborah his wife, and Mark his son said, "Even if he were not the Messiah, we shall love him and tell of his goodness for ever."

* * *

IT was the morning of the sixth day of the week. Mark was staring listlessly down the street when he saw a man approaching. His dress was disordered, his face was pale, he staggered like a man who had received a mortal wound. It was some time before Mark recognized the brave and confident Peter.

He went out and flinging his arm round the shoulders of the big man, drew him into the house. The great deep of Peter's soul seemed to be broken up as he clung to the younger man. "I denied him! I denied him!" he repeated as he wept bitterly.

Evening fell and another night passed till it began to dawn toward the first day of the week. Peter lay on a couch in a half-sleep, half-stupor. Mark too slept the sleep of exhaustion. Then of a sudden he started wide awake. Light and rapid footsteps were coming up the street. There were voices at the door, women's voices gay and triumphant. What did it mean? Throwing on his tunic, Mark hastened to the gate where the sleepy-eyed porter was admitting the women.

They were Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome.

"The Lord is risen," they cried. "He is risen!"

Wonderful was the story they told under the flooding morning light. They had gone to the tomb, arriving just as the sun had risen. They found the stone rolled away, and entering the cave-like opening, they had seen a young man arrayed in a white robe. Amazed, they knew he was an angel.

> And he saith unto them, "Be not amazed: ye seek Jesus, the Nazarene which hath been crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him! But go tell his disciples and Peter, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him, as he said unto you."

Then they told further how as they went toward the city, Jesus himself had met them and sent a similar message to his disciples. The three talked together. There was difference in detail in their stories but in the great, the amazing truth they were as one,

"The Lord is Risen!"

"'—And Peter.' Are those the Lord's words?" The voice was full of wonder and love and awe. Mark turned. Peter had caught the words of the women and was coming from the house. But it was a Peter transfigured. Again as on the former First Day, he walked like a conqueror, but there was a humility in his voice and look as of one who abides in a strength greater than his own.

So that wonderful First Day passed. Again and again the Lord appeared to His disciples. And so on for many days both in Galilee and Jerusalem. In those days Peter and Mark were much together and there was laid the foundation of that friendship between the elder disciple and him whom he afterwards loved to call "Mark my son." (1 Peter 5:13), a friendship which later had its fruition in the Gospel "by Mark who was the interpreter of Peter."

Then one day as Pentecost was approaching the disciples were gathered together in the well-remembered upper room in Jonathan's house.

> And Jesus came and said unto them, "Go ye into all the world and proclaim the Good News to all mankind. . . . And signs shall attend those who believe such as these: . . . by My Name they shall expel demons; they shall lay their hands on the sick, and they shall recover."
>
> "And they set out and made proclamation everywhere, the Lord working with them and confirming the word by the signs which accompanied it. Amen."

Easter Dawn

The light of Easter morning
Illumines each life today;
The love of the risen Saviour
Is shining upon our way;
Oh, serve Him in truth, dear children!
And one day your eyes shall see
The King in His wondrous beauty
Who rose and who lives for thee.

GOLDEN KEYS

"EVERYBODY likes Ned," said Bob. "It must be nice to have people feel that way about you."

"Do you know why everybody likes him?" asked Roland.

"Well, no, not exactly. Do you?"

"Yes," said Roland. "It's because of his golden keys."

"What do you mean?"

"He has a whole bunch of golden keys which unlock people's hearts and let him walk right in," explained Roland. "And he keeps them on a wonderful key-ring."

"Oh, do tell me more about them!" exclaimed Bob.

"One of his golden keys is, 'Good morning.' He uses it to start the day right. When he wants something, or is asking a favor, he uses the golden key, 'If you please.' When anything is done for him, he uses the 'Thank you' key. Even a fine boy like Ned sometimes makes mistakes, but again he has a key to help him; it is called "Excuse me." If he happens to harm another, he is not too stubborn to use the golden key, 'Forgive me.' He always closes the day with the golden key of 'Good night.'"

"And how about his wonderful key-ring?" asked Bob.

"It is called 'Kindness', and it binds all the golden keys together."

"How wonderful it would be if all of us had golden keys like Ned," said Bob very thoughtfully.

"And how fine it is that all of us who want these golden keys can have them!" added Roland.—'Our Young Covenanters.

WHITEFISH FEUD

(Continued from Page 9.)

"That alarm rings when the engine overheats," Alvin explained, "and this is the first time this Diesel has ever got too hot. It's a good thing that alarm was in good shape or we might have burnt out some of the main bearings or something else before we knew about it."

* * *

ALVIN climbed down to the side of the engine.

"I know that cooling system is working well," Alvin said. "The sea-cock must be plugged with slush ice so that the cooling pump isn't getting its water."

For a minute or two he looked over the engine and then climbed up the ladder back into the pilot house.

"There's nothing that we can do about it but wait until it cools off and that will probably take several hours," Alvin stated. "I guess this is where we spend the night, boys."

Alvin climbed out onto the top of the deck-house and searched the horzion with the binoculars for a light or flare that might mark the position of the Stanton Lass. The old tug was certainly fast by now, Alvin mused, for it wouldn't be able to break through half as much ice as the Kofisco. The gale whistled around him as he turned the glasses from side to side, but there was no light, no distress flare. Sharp snaps and cracks like rifle shots echoed across the ice field as the pans jammed and piled on top of each other with the force of the gale. Standing up there with sleet biting into his face and one arm wrapped tightly around a lifeboat stay to help him keep his footing against the wind Alvin stared pensively off into the cruel night and breathed a silent prayer. "O God, please keep that old tug afloat long enough for us to find it and get those fellows off!"

Back in the pilot-house the other three fellows had gathered together two or three newspapers. Just as Alvin climbed back inside they took them out onto the housed-in stern deck of the tug.

"Fifty cents a pound or not," Gord told Alvin, "we've got to eat some of those whitefish!"

Alvin laughed, then his laugh changed to a serious expression.

"I'm afraid they won't be worth fifty cents when we get them back to Port Stanton," Alvin stated. "Day after tomorrow is Easter and then the good price will be gone. We'll be lucky if we get back to port before then."

As Gord, Les Barton and Jim Medlin went to work cleaning and scaling some of the whitfiesh, Alvin looked on sadly. A thousand-dollar lift, enough to put the Komar Fish Company on a good financial footing, Alvin mused, but unless they got them back to Port Stanton by tomorrow they would be almost worthless with the after-Easter slump in prices. And there was small chance of them reaching Port Stanton before tomorrow night. Why did the Kofisco have to come on this rescue trip? With enough fish aboard to save the Komar Company, the Kofisco would perhaps be spending days in the ice to save a tug belonging to their rival firm, the Willis Fish Company. Alvin repeated that unwritten fishermen's code: "Don't forget that you may be the tug in distress next time!" But there would be few next times for any of the Komar tugs, this last chance for the company to recover with the high Easter prices was now practically gone. Another week or so would see the Willis Company in charge of all the Port Stanton fishing.

(To Be Continued.)

EVERY DAY

(Continued from Page 8.)

Here we have the Sun in the Heavens, the Sun in our room, the Sun in our life. But there are not three Suns, but one Sun. I do not say that this illustration covers all that the doctrine means, but perhaps it will be found helpful.

Teaching them to observe . . . whatsoever I commanded you.—"And teach them to obey every command I have given you." (Weymouth). This is one of the great duties of the Church. It is one of our main responsibilities as Sunday School teachers.

"WITH YOU ALWAY"

AFTER the Great Proclamation and the Great Commission comes the Great Promise.

God promised Moses "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest." (Ex. 33:14)

The promise is repeated to the New Israel, "And lo, I am with you alway ('all the days') even unto the end of the world"—"And remember I am with you always, day by day." (Weymouth)

* * *

That the dear Christ dwells not afar
The king of some remoter star
But here, amidst the poor and blind,
The bound and suffering of our kind
In works we do, in prayers we pray,
Life of our life, He lives today.

(John G. Whittier.)

QUESTIONS

1. Where did our Lord meet with the disciples?
2. And Jesus . . . spake unto them saying—Complete the verse.
3. Go ye therefore—. Complete the verse.
4. Baptizing them—. Complete the verse.
5. Teaching them to observe—. Complete the clause.
6. Lo I am with you—. Complete the clause.
7. Ye shall be witnesses unto me—. Complete the verse.

ANSWERS TO
YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. A mountain in Galilee.
2. All power (authiority) hath been given me in heaven and in earth.
3. And teach (make disciples of) all the nations.
4. In (into) the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.
5. All things whatsoever I have commanded you.
6. Alway, (all the days,) even unto the end of the world.
7. Both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.
CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.

(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication), Australia and oversea foreign countries 50 cts extra for single subscriptions.

For U.S.A. and Philippines 25 cts extra.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in C/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

Bible Crossword Puzzle

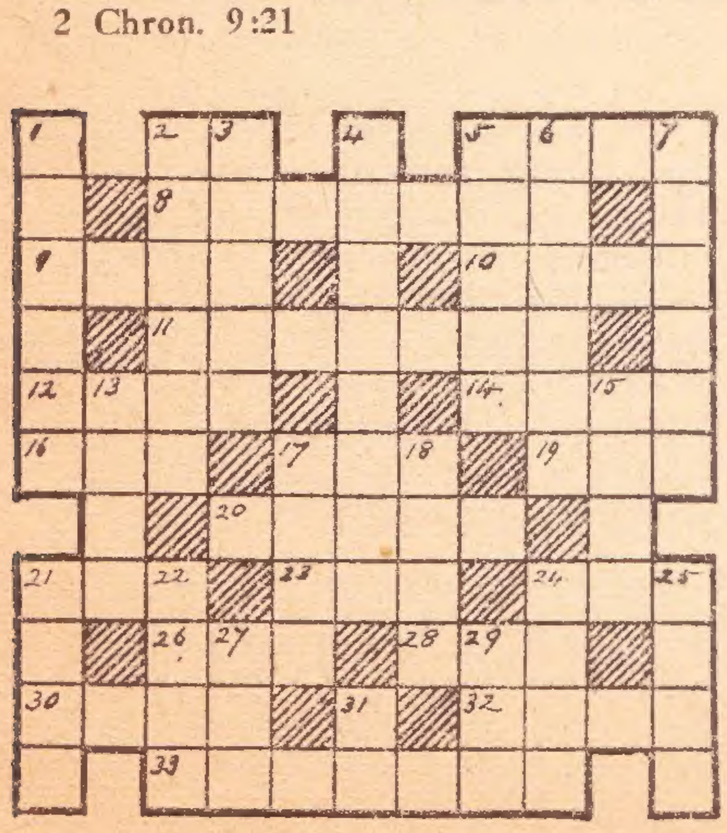
ACROSS

5. "I am the bright and morning ——." Rev. 22:16.
8. Steals from. Prov. 28:24
9. Mischief. Psalm 105:15
10. "Wherein shall go no galley with ——." Isa. 23:31
11. David's favorite son. 2 Sam. 18:23
12. Owneth.
14. "A centurion's servant, who was —— unto Him." Luke 7:2
16. "Cain dwelt in the land of ——." Gen. 4:16
17. And Saul said "—— art thou, Lord?" Acts 9:5
19. "Moses sent them to —— out the land of Canaan." Num. 13:17
20. To use a razor. Acts 21:24
21. Babylonish god. Jer. 51:44
23. "Sir, come down —— my child die." John 4:49
24. Great-grandson of Solomon. I Kings 15:8
26. An industrious insect. Prov. 6:6
28. A fabulous bird.
30. "Then shall the —— man leap as an hart." Isa. 35:6
32. American State.
33. "I make mention of you always in my ——." Rom. 1:9

DOWN

1. Ruth's first husband. Ruth 4:10
2. "I will not eat until I have told mine ——." Gen. 24:33
3. "Ye build the —— of the prophets." Matt. 23:29
4. David's high priest. Mark 2:26
5. "But Peter —— at the door without." John 18:16
6. London River.
7. A string of prayer beads.
13. Made by weaving. 2 Kings 23:7
15. Solomon imported these animals by sea. 2 Chron. 9:21
17. To sharpen. Eccles. 10:10
18. "I will make thee ruler —— many things." Matt. 25:21
21. Used for throwing. Isa. 22:18
22. "Thy word is a —— unto my feet." Ps. 119:105
24. A book of the New Testament
25. Continued pain.
27. Saul's grandfather. 1 Chron. 8:33
29. "Art thou greater than —— father Abraham?" John 8:53
31. "I and —— Father are one." John 10:30

(Answers Next Week.)



TRY THIS ONE

A man entered a restaurant and asked:
Ques. F U N E X?
Ans. V F X
Ques. F U N E M?
Ans. V F M
The man then said, "I'll F M N X".

WORD CHANGES

Changes MIST to RAIN with not more than five intervening links.

Change RAIN to SNOW with not more than six links.

Change CAMP into LIFE with not more than three intervening links.

Change FAIRY into TALES with not more than five links.

Change HIDE to SEEK with five links.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Just Punning Riddles.—1. Car-low, 2. Down, 3. Clare, 4. May-o, 5. Sli (sly)-go, 6. King's County and Queen's County.

Rhyming Riddle.—Saint Patrick's Day.

Twisted Mountains.—1. Mourne. 2. Dublin. 3. Wicklow. 4. Knockmeildown. 5. Blackstairs. 6. Macgillicuddy's Reeks.

Twisted Towns.—1. Dublin, 2. Belfast, 3. Londonderry, 3. Tipperary, 4. Limerick, 4. Wexford.

Twisted Rivers.—1. Boyne, 2. Liffey, 3. Foyle, 4. Shannon, 5. Lee, 6. Laggan.

Tune in on Nature.—1. The Red Spider is a mite. 2. The Kiwis. 3. Bulbs have a tiny flower ready formed within the bulb before seasonal growth starts, while the corm forms a bud and blossom only after the leaves have grown. 4. These fossils range in size from 12 to 14 feet in height to about 80 feet in length. 5. The bark, peeled, and finely ground. 6. 1-16 inch. 7. A Bald Cypress, growing in Mexico, with an estimated age of 5,000 years. 8. Only about 5 feet. 9. Gladiolus, scarlet salvia, and trumpet honeysuckle. Also wild balsam and trumpet creeper. 10. The left side.—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

Gasps and Giggles

HEROICS

A small boy stood at the entrance to the cobbler's shop, watching the man at work.

"What do you repair boots with, mister?" he asked, suddenly.

"Hide," replied the cobbler, sharply.

"Eh?" said the boy.

"I said hide," replied the cobbler, impatiently.

"What for?" insisted the boy, somewhat surprised.

"Hide—the cow's outside," sighed the man.

"Don't care if it is. Who's afraid of a cow, anyway," answered the boy defiantly.

Mrs. Johnson (learning to drive)—"Henry, that little mirror up there isn't set right."

Hubby—"Isn't it?"

Mrs. J.—"No. I can't see anything but the car behind."

TOO DEAR

The struggling author and his lovely young wife were at a party. A friend approached the writer and, with admiration in his voice said: "Penwell, your wife is the most beautiful woman in the room. And her gown is positively a poem!"

The writer nodded gloomily, and replied: "Not a poem, old man—sixteen poems, seven short stories and a novel."

A German chemist hopes to make synthetic steaks out of wood. Any left over could be used as chips.

GOOD REASON

"You once kept a cook for a whole month, you say?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful! How did you manage it?"

"Why, we were cruising on a houseboat, and she couldn't swim."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5c Per Word (minimum $1.00). Six consecutive insertions without change 4c per word per insertion

PATENTS

An offer to every inventor. List of inventions and full information sent free. The Ramsay Company, World Patent Attorneys. 273 Bank Street, Ottawa, Canada.

GINGERBREAD

One cup of molasses; 1 tablespoon brown sugar; ¾ cup of milk; 1 level teaspoon baking soda; 1 table grated orange peel; 1-2 teaspoon of salt; 1 teaspoon ground ginger; 1 tablespoon each of butter and lard; 1-4 teaspoon ground cloves, cinnamon, and allspice; 1 egg; 6ozs. flour; 1-2 teaspoon baking powder.

Melt molasses, butter, lard, and sugar in a pan. Have all dry ingredients in a basin ready, then pour in the molasses mixture. Beat well till a smooth batter is formed and is free from lumps. Stir in the beaten egg. Have a shallow tin greased, pour in the mixture and bake in a moderate oven for forty minutes.

These three dessert sauce receipes are particularly pleasing this time of the year:

Orange Sabayon Sauce

(Serves 4-6)

2 egg yolks, beaten thick, 1-4 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice and pulp, grated rind 1 orange, 1-3 cup hot water.

Combine and cook over hot water until thickened. Serve hot.

Orange Sauce

(Serves 6)

Grated rind 1 Sunkist orange, 1-2 cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons cornstarch, 2-3 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 2-3 cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Put grated orange rind, sugar and cornstarch in saucepan, mix well, pour on boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly; then add butter. Pour mixture over well-beaten egg; return to saucepan; stir constantly, and cook 2 minutes. Add fruit juices, beat well and cool.

COCOANUT CREAM DROPS

Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup thick cream, ½ to 1 cup shredded cocoanut (according to taste), 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. Beat eggs until light, add sugar gradually, cocoanut, cream and flour mixed and sifted with baking powder and salt. (Chill if you prefer to roll this out). Drop by teaspoon onto buttered cookie sheet and bake in oven of 350 deg. Fahr.

Choosing the Toys

FLORENCE MILNER

HAVE you ever bought a toy for a child, and felt especially pleased with your purchase, only to find it soon thrown aside in favor of something which seemed to you far less interesting? Before shopping for a birthday or any other special occasion, it may be well to consider why certain toys go into the discard so readily.

The most interesting games of childhood are those which imitate adult life. Children see that life as active, doing something, getting results. The toys that will help them to similar enjoyment are those through which something may be achieved in their play world. This demands toys that can be manipulated, those that have possibilities of progressive activity.

The child will quickly weary of a little iron cart lacking the capacity for being loaded, even a red one, since it offers nothing but to be dragged along at the end of a string, with no objective. The same is true of a doll with clothes that cannot be taken off and put on again. The interest in a jumping-jack that knows only one trick, or a jack-in-the-box that looks the same every time he pops up, soon palls. All such lifeless toys will soon go into the discard.

The child demands uses for his imagination. No matter how simple or how crude, toys that have possibilities of activity will win out against all one-trick ones.

For this reason blocks are early favorites whether elaborately decorated store ones or those picked up from the floor of a carpenter's shop. Stately mansions, bridges, lofty towers can be built with these, or they can be piled fantastically just for the fun of tumbling them down.

A wagon with a tilting device for dumping a load, just as the ones on the street do, is far better than just a cart. A doll with a change of clothes, like those of a real child or a grownup, will soon become a favorite.

One reason why girls like paper dolls so well is that there is no end to the number of lovely dresses that can be made for them from the bright colored paper so abundant now. Besides, pleasing results are quickly obtained, and patience is not overstrained, before the completion of an entire costume. There is also much food for thought in the familiar joke about the father who buys a locomotive with track, cars, and so forth, for Johnny and then scarcely allows the boy to do anything the following holiday but watch Father play with his train.

If a child shows some especial interest, a little care will find toys that have possibilities for advancing that interest. The child's imagination will furnish the motive power. So, before starting out on a shopping tour for toys, study your chid's collection. You doubtless will find that those which offer the possibility of doing something with a definite purpose, or something in the line of one of your child's special interests, will show the most wear and hence are the favorites.

It is important to give as much thought to the selection of a toy as is generally conceded should be given to the purchase of a book.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

Easter Lilies

We often hear of the pure white bells
That ring at Easter-time,
Flinging their lovely fragrance out
In sweetly solemn chime;
But now they are ringing just for me,
An inarticulate melody.
For they are ringing in my room,
Dispelling care, and doubt, and gloom;
Yes, they're ringing, ringing, here for me,
A wondrous, silent, symphony.

—Laura E. Merifield.

Ottawa.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF

AS to the use of the word "temperance" in that splendid list of virtues which constitute "the fruit" or "harvest" of the Spirit of God in the life of man — Paul means "self-control." That is the literal translation of the word he uses, as a glance at the Revised Version margin will show.

Here, Scripture and science join hands. Scripture affirms self-control to be the very fruit of the Divine Spirit in human life; science declares alcohol to be the enemy of self-control.

We see, therefore, that both these unthinking assertions that the New Testament stands for "moderate" indulgence in alcoholic beverages are unfounded; and that the passages cited from the Pauline epistles point directly toward "abstinence" as the Christian obligation.—(Extract from "*Should a Christian Be a Total Abstainer?*" in *The Prohibitionist.*)

Three men going home from church one day talked about the minister. Two were very scornful of the sermon, and the third asked them the pertinent question: "And what's the matter with yourselves?"

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, MARCH 22, 1940.

THE SALVATION ARMY LOOKS FORWARD

WE said something last week about the history of the Salvation Army in the past and of its work today. It is a fine thing that the thought of this "mighty army" is not bound by either horizon. It reaches on into the future.

War even in a good cause is Destruction. There must be Reconstruction. So the Salvation Army International Headquarters in London, England, has issued a memorandum-chart respecting post-war problems and how they must be met. The memorandum considers that the great problem will be to find work for unemployed men and women. The position is taken that "It is morally wrong to maintain able-bodied men and women in idleness for long periods, and what is morally wrong cannot be economically right or politically sound."

The idea is that when peace is declared the existing military organizations shall be maintained under civil control to such an extent, and for as long a period as may be necessary to turn swords and spears into plowshares and pruning hooks—or just until there are no more unemployed.

The approach to the work will be through an Advisory Council, under whom there will be a Ministry of Labor, an Army of Construction, and a Repatriation and Settlement Board.

The Army of Construction will consist of all men in military forces not required for defence, and for them there will be three channels of discharge, (1) through a Government Labor Bureau, to which demands for labor will be directed; (2) undertaking bodies which will interest themselves in settlement undertakings and in providing work; (3) people of independent means, those having their own businesses; and those who will find work for them.

There will be overseas schemes subject to the endorsement of the Dominion Governments concerned, and schemes in Mandated Territories and Colonies.

The stand taken is that after the declaration of peace no one should be idle for one week, for "If the country can plan and spend for war, then it must plan and organize for peace."

Commissioner David Lamb, who is well known in Canada is responsible for the idea, which has the hearty endorsement of General George Carpenter, of the Salvation Army. The memorandum is stated to be already receiving careful consideration from statesmen throughout the British Empire, H. M. Ministers and Members of Parliament and local authorities in all parts of Great Britain.

This is a work of Christian statesmanship, which if carried forward with the zeal and energy which has characterized the work of the Salvation Army hitherto will go far toward building up a new and better world.

For of all the absurdities which this old world has tolerated, one of the worst is that of unemployment. It is neither "economically right or politically sound," nor is it wise from an economic, political or moral standpoint.

It is an axiom that a nation's most valuable possession is its man-power. We realize something of this in time of war, but forget it in "the piping times of peace."

Three or four years ago hundreds of young men,—and older men,—drifted from one end of Canada to the other and back again in fruitless search of unemployment.

Those who were skilled in one branch of industry or another speedily lost the skill of hand or brain. Those who were unskilled had no opportunity to fit themselves for work when it should offer. All suffered in health through exposure, and lack of proper food.

The "depression" had become a little less acute when war opened upon us. Thousands flocked to the recruiting offices. Some who at last had obtained jobs relinquished them to "join up."

The military authorities know that many were rejected on account of lack of physical fitness. The question is how could they have been physically fit after their experiences "on the road"?

We sometimes wonder how the inhabitants of the dictator nations put up with the tyranny and brutality of their leaders. One reason undoubtedly is that these leaders keenly realize the value of man-power,—if even for the purposes of cannon-fodder,—and have taken measures to conserve it accordingly. In this instance the children of this world (or age)—the dictators,—are wiser than we who consider ourselves "children of light."

The newspaper report indicates that the Salvation Army memorandum deals primarily with the post-war problem of the members of the fighting forces. It also primarily applies to the Old Country.

But the principle it lays down so distinctly is certainly applicable to civil life and to all countries, the new Britains as well as the old.

Governments should co-operate to the utmost with the Army's assault on this great problem.

The memorandum speaks of the "overseas schemes" for the relief of unemployment being "subject to the endorsement of the Dominion Governments concerned." Our Canadian Government and our Canadian people are co-operating gallantly with Britain in her great war problem. When the time comes they must help in solving her problems of peace.

CANADA'S ELECTION SPIRIT

ONE bright and encouraging feature in the present election is the action taken by some public-spirited citizens who have produced and circulated an unusual document printed in French and English and described as "A Message to Our Candidates." This 'message' which has already been endorsed by thousands of Canadians in fifty different centres is concerned with the spirit with which Canadians participate in the Election and follow it through rather than with political considerations. It commits the voters to practise themselves the principles they will expect of their elected members. The text reads:

"An election is a great heritage of democracy. This election especially, gives us all a chance to serve Canada. Our country must emerge from the campaign stronger and more united, better able to succeed in our task ahead.

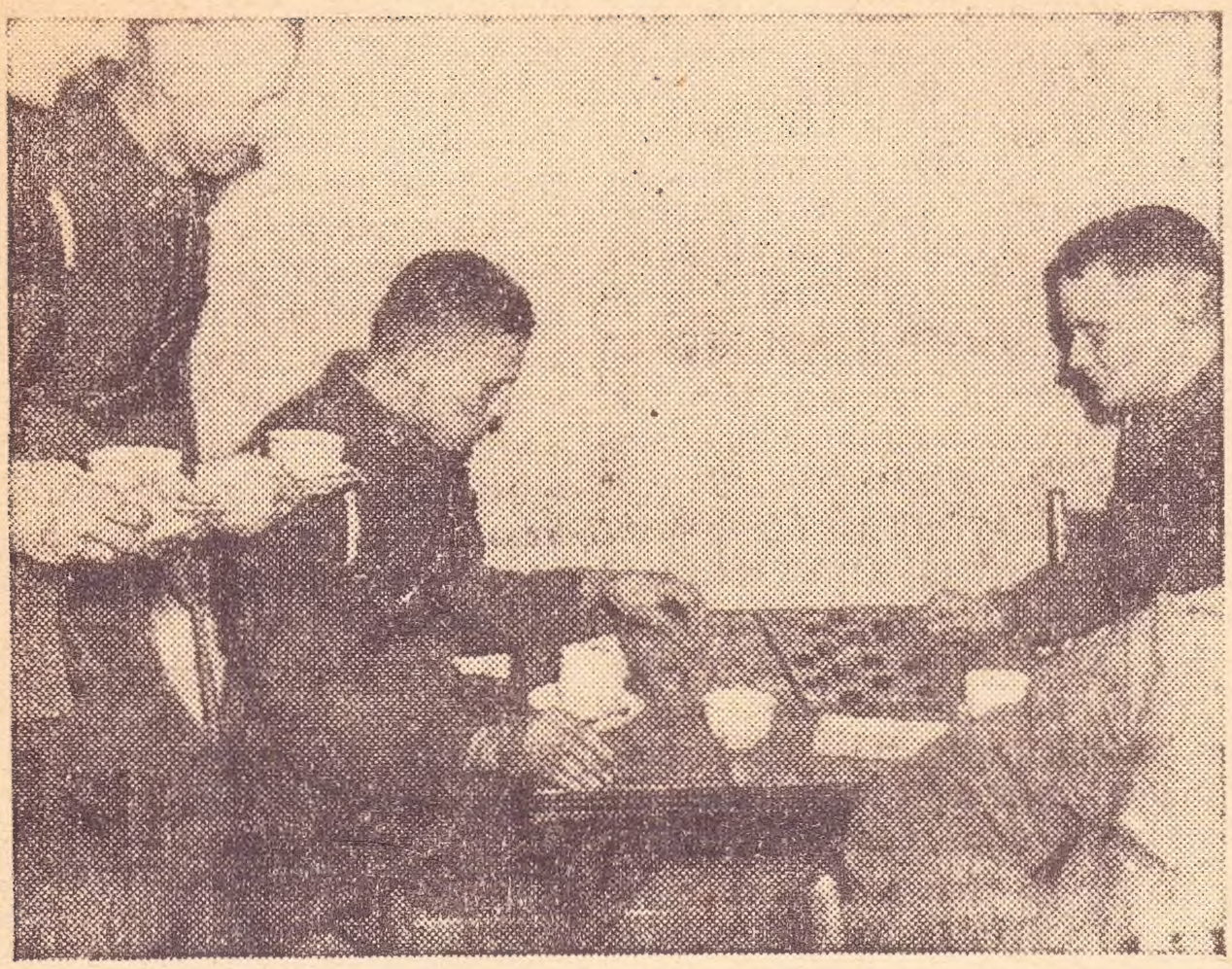
"It is the duty of every Canadian to put into the campaign a spirit free from prejudice and thought of personal gain.

"We must keep alive the spirit we all felt during the visit of our King and Queen.

"WE THEREFORE DETERMINE:—

1. "To use every opportunity to create the right spirit throughout the campaign, without destructive and irresponsible criticism.
2. "To help our candidates to put national interest ahead of political expediency and personal advantage, without resort to patronage or other abuses.
3. "To practise ourselves, in our homes and at our work, those same principles which we expect our candidates to practise.
4. "To work for a leadership of men who base their public policies and personal lives on honesty and faith in God.

"We believe that we are among thousands ready to suport the men who put into action those moral and spiritual convictions which are essential for Canada's strength."



SOLDIERS PLAYING CHECKERS AT THE OPENING OF THE RED SHIELD HUT IN WINNIPEG.—(*Courtesy Winnipeg 'Free Press.*)

"HAPPY WARRIORS"

WHAT does a lad desire above almost anything else when he is away from home? Is it not companionship in decent surroundings. This is what the Salvation Army are supplying to our young soldiers in so many centres in Canada and overseas. Look at our four illustrations. Note the intentness of the two pals over their checker game. And the situation has become so intense that the other chap who is bringing cups of tea or coffee to friends across the room has become "frozen" in his tracks.

Or look at "Jock" with his doughnut. He has paused a minute to crack a joke with a friend or to tell him how good that first mouthful tasted.

The Salvation Army doughnuts were one of the "features" in the other Great War. The *Army* hasn't forgotten the recipe.

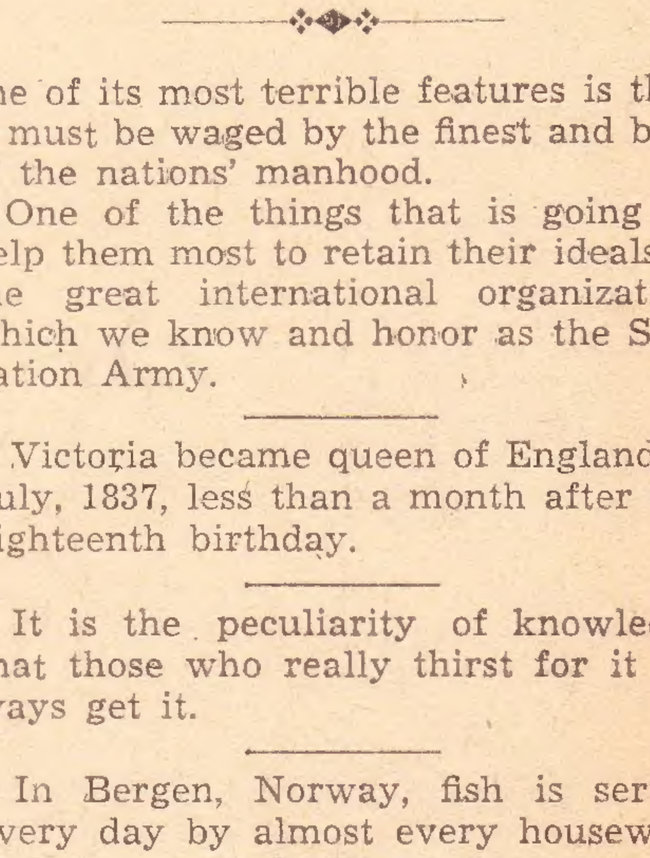
Look at the Halifax building with its big WELCOME sign. It will shield many a lad from loneliness. "There's no place like home." But there are places with such a "homey" atmosphere that they go a long way toward filling its place.

And look at the gathering in our fourth illustration. A cross section of our Canadian Active Service Force.

There are young fellows in it from many walks of life and of many different racial origins. But they are all Canadians prepared to do their bit for the Cause that Canada has in hand.

War at its best is a terrible thing and one of its most terrible features is that it must be waged by the finest and best of the nations' manhood.

One of the things that is going to help them most to retain their ideals is the great international organization which we know and honor as the Salvation Army.



SCOTTIE ENJOYS A DOUGHNUT.

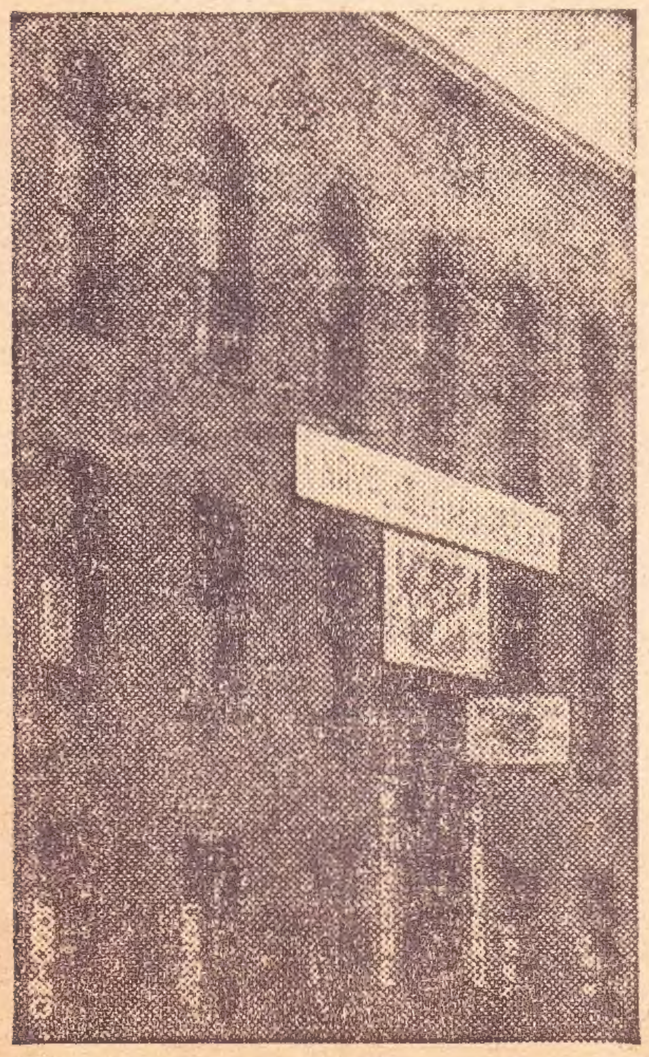
Victoria became queen of England in July, 1837, less than a month after her eighteenth birthday.

It is the peculiarity of knowledge that those who really thirst for it always get it.

In Bergen, Norway, fish is served every day by almost every housewife, and as a result the life of that community practically revolves around its expansive fish market.

"How many kinds of wood are used in making a match?" asked William.

Two kinds," replied Harriet. "He would and she would."



WAR SERVICE CENTRE, HALIFAX

THE "BOYS" ENJOYING THEIR CUP OF COFFEE AT THE OPENING OF THE RED SHIELD HUT, WINNIPEG, MAN.—*Courtesy Winnipeg 'Free Press'.*